After School Antics by beratings

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Summary:

Here we go!

1. That Camaro

I had heard about the new kid all around school. Leslie Warner and Penny Freeman wouldn't shut up about him. The story was that he screeched into the parking lot, let a redheaded kid out, and flicked a cigarette. Of course, Leslie is telling everyone he winked at her, and Penny won't shut up about his ass. Either way, I was focused on the task at hand, going through and answering the last three questions of the math assignment due in 15 minutes. I was huddled at the end of our table with Leslie, Penny, Trish, and Nancy all talking about menial things. I glanced up to see who I assumed to be the new kid sitting directly across from me, eyes burning into my forehead. I glanced around and rolled my eyes, figuring he was just daydreaming, but he responded with a smirk before shoving himself out from the table and making a show of walking past ours, his eyes never leaving mine. I shook my head, turning back to my homework and concentrating on the question I was desperately trying to answer.

"Uh, hello?" Nancy's voice rang, pulling me from my number filled daze.

"What?"

"What was that?" Nancy was grinning; she knew I hadn't dated anyone since the fiasco with Trevor who claimed I was the biggest whore of the century all because I wouldn't suck his dick.

"I have no idea what you're talking about, Nanc." I was fighting a smile, ultimately I lost.

"Mhm." Nancy nodded matter-of-factly. "Well, fair warning, I heard he's a mega douche."

I shrugged. "Not planning on talking to him, he's just pretty to look at."

The table giggled at my nonchalant comment; I glanced behind my shoulder to catch a glimpse of Billy's ass just as he reached the door. He turned, almost as if he could feel my eyes on him and- wait- was that a wink? Oh, boy.

Leslie seemed enraged, pushing herself from the table. "I'm going to get to class."

I rolled my eyes after she left, leaning into the rest of the table. "She always thinks she owns any guy that walks through the doors of this godforsaken place."

Nancy chuckled, and Penny covered her mouth, trying not to let out a laugh. Trish was off in her own world, staring at the table where her crush, Peter, sat.

"He's just so handsome." Trish groaned, letting her forehead fall on the table.

The table sighed along with her, all thinking of our own Peter's, and for me, thinking of the math assignment I'd have to turn in uncompleted. The bell screeched, and we all gathered our bags to head to our classes.

"See you guys after school today. Nancy, are we still going out for pizza? Steve can still give us a ride, right?" I called out as Nancy headed toward the opposite doors. She held up a thumbs up indicating we'd meet at our usual spot.

I walked into the classroom, still running through those last problems through my head, making sure I didn't have the answer just bouncing around in there. I got to the classroom and mindlessly sat in an empty seat, pulling my homework back out and going through it one more time for good measure.

"I've always had a thing for hot nerds." A gruff voice came from my right.

"Excuse me?"

"You know, working on your homework during lunch, that pout you have going on. It's hot." He was so unashamed, his grin taking up most of his face now as his eyes raked over me. I was wearing nice jeans and a sweater that buttoned low, showing off just enough

cleavage to not be slutty.

"Thanks, I guess." I decided to accept the compliment and turn back to my homework, trying desperately to ignore the heat that radiated off my cheeks as Billy Hargrove continued to scan my body. I turned to him again. "Do you mind not doing that?"

"Doing what?"

"The sex eyes. It's distracting." I could feel myself blushing to high heavens; I was almost sweating from the looks he was giving me.

"I sincerely apologize then." He took one last drag of my body and winked before turning to the front of the class just as Mr. Geoffreys started the announcements. I could feel my heart pounding high in my throat. Man, he knew how to wow a girl.

Mr. Geoffreys went through roll call, dulling all of us into a barely-there state. I swear this man had a way of making anything and everything sound boring, no wonder I wasn't retaining any information from this class.

"Jane Hagan."

I raised my hand from the paper I was drawing tiny circles on. "Here," I mumbled.

"Billy Hargrove."

Billy raised his hand, "Present," He muttered before turning to me.

"Nice to meet you, Jane."

I fought the urge to make loud vomiting noises, that is, until his smile turned into a lip bite which turned into him leaning back in his chair and stretching, allowing a stripe of bare toned and tanned skin peak out. My breath caught in my throat. Is this guy trying to give me a heart attack?

The rest of the class period was filled with sly winks and Billy trying to scoot his desk closer to mine, constantly choosing me as his partner for the practice questions. What was I supposed to do, say no

to the only guy in this school that didn't think I ran around choking on dicks for a living? I was swooning, but I knew Trevor would get to him eventually.

Just as the thought of Trevor popped into my head, the bell rang, and Trevor showed up to his next classroom, which happened to be the one we were currently leaving.

"Well, well, well. The whore has found a new prey." Trevor's voice was the most annoying sound to my ears. He smirked as he walked up to Billy. "Didn't ya hear, Billy-boy? Jane here is the town whore."

Billy stood next to me and tensed up, giving Trevor the evilest look I had ever seen. I rolled my eyes and shook my head; I was always opting to just stay quiet throughout his attacks.

"What's your name again?" Billy asked with an obviously exaggerated smile.

"Trevor," he said with a genuine smile, not grasping what was happening. "Just trying to look out for a bro."

Billy's expression changed drastically.

"We're not bros. In fact, I rarely hang out with boys who can't get laid properly and choose to lie about it." Billy called a spade a spade right in front of my eyes. I was holding back a smile.

"What are you laughing at?" Trevor turned to me with a sneer. "He'll find out eventually that you're a slut."

He was standing far too close now, close enough that if it were anyone I was truly intimidated by I'd step back. Unfortunately, he was about 2 inches shorter than I was and didn't look very menacing.

"Trevor, when are you going to realize that your biggest problem isn't that I may or may not be a slut, but the fact that you're going to die a virgin?" I spit back at him before grabbing my bag and slinging it over my shoulder, squeezing between the desks and leisurely walking out of the classroom.

I glanced back to see Billy's growing smile as he began laughing, he met my eyes and nodded before grabbing his things and following me out.

The rest of the school day went by, as usual. I found out I had two other classes with Billy. English and History, which happened to be my last two classes of the day. He sat next to me in both. He turned to me in the middle of History, grabbing my attention with his smoldering eyes, he passed me a small piece of paper.

Meet me at my car after school. Blue Camaro, parking lot D.

I folded the piece of paper up and slipped it into my bag, giving him a slight nod before turning away from him for the rest of the class period. He may be cute, but my grades can't suffer.

The final bell rang, and I gathered my books, Billy doing the same next to me before walking out of the classroom nonchalantly, not saying another word to me. I followed behind him turning at an intersection of hallways to get to my locker. I packed my bag up and walked in the direction of parking lot C, which is where I met my friends.

"Hey, I won't be able to make it tonight. Something came up; I have to head home."

Nancy could see through my lies and laughed, "Fine, ditch us for your new pretty boy." She called at me as I walked away.

I made my way back to through the school toward parking lot D. I had heard a lot of rumors about the new kid, mostly that he was unhinged, but after spending the better part of my day sitting next to him, he just seemed charming and flirty. I pushed my way through the doors, standing at the top of the concrete stairs I locked eyes with him. He was leaning against his bright blue Camaro, cigarette in hand, and half the student body ogling him as they walked by. He pretended not to notice, turning his attention completely to the doors I had just walked out of, and then to me. I walked down the steps, noticing the redhead in the backseat of his car.

"What's up? Need help on a math test?" I asked, trying too hard to be funny and kicking myself for it.

Surprisingly, he grinned. "Actually wanted to see if you wanted a ride. Maybe to a restaurant."

His directness had me almost dizzy; I couldn't think of a good retort. "Sure," I responded lamely.

"Great. I just have to drop Max off."

He swung the door open before flicking his cigarette and walking to his side of the car. He slid in after me. "Make sure you buckle up." The kid in the backseat, Max I'm assuming, muttered. It was followed by a death glare from Billy.

"Fine, I'm shutting up. Drop me off at the arcade if you're going to go on a date or whatever." She crossed her arms sullenly and stared out the small window. Part of me felt terrible for her, having just moved to a new school, probably not making many friends. But another part of me decided making nice with her would have to wait until Billy was less... angry.

The ride was loud. Won't Get Fooled Again by The Who was blaring loud enough to make my eardrums burst. The arcade was a quick stop; I got out of the car to let Max out, she sped off into the arcade before I could even buckle my seatbelt again. Billy reached down and shut the music off completely. Before he started again, he leaned over.

"Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere's fine with me," I responded, grinning to myself. The bench seat allowed Billy's hand to fall casually onto my knee. I unconsciously slid closer. What was I doing?

We drove to the pizza parlor closeby. "I have to stay nearby in case Max needs a ride home." He scoffed slightly.

"I like your sister."

"Step." He cut me off with a glare. "She's my step sister. We aren't real

family."

I was taken aback.

"Interesting," I stated, taking a sip of the water in front of me.

Suddenly, Billy was defensive. "What's so interesting?"

"Nothing, Billy. I just really don't know anything about you. Everything you tell me right now will be interesting to me." His demeanor settled slightly.

"Do you have questions?"

"I have plenty of questions. But the thing is, will you answer any of them?" I asked slyly, my wits were coming back to me and even if this kid was charming me to death, I had to keep my facade going.

"How about, I answer the ones I want to answer. And if you ask me one I don't want to answer, I get to ask you one."

I took another sip of my water nodding. "Alright. Your license plate says California. Why'd you move?"

He chuckled. "Of all the things you could ask, you choose that?"

I nodded.

"Dad remarried. She didn't want to live out there anymore."

I nodded again, fiddling with a napkin.

"Do you like it out here?"

"Truthful answer is this place is a pile of shit in the middle of nowhere. It even smells like shit out here. You're the first breath of fresh air I've gotten since I set foot in this dump." He responded harshly, my feelings were only slightly hurt and then mended with his comment about me.

"Hm," I responded, narrowing my eyes. Before I could ask my third question, Billy was leaning forward.

"I have one for you."

"We haven't gotten to a question you don't want to answer yet. Are you breaking your own rules?"

"Rules are made to be broken, baby." He smiled, his eyes drilling holes into my lips. "Do you like it out here?"

"Only slightly," I responded with a grin, a blatant lie, this was where I was most comfortable. "Baby?" I asked.

He was laughing. "Is that okay?"

"Sure," I responded coolly, breaking our everlasting eye contact to look out the window. "It looks like your car has brought us company."

Trevor and his friends had rolled up and parked next to Billy; they were slowly making their way into the parlor.

"Our friend Trev didn't get enough of us earlier," His smile faded into a glare as he watched Trevor slide his finger over the hood of his car. Finally, they came to the front door, Trevor swinging it open and walking over to our table.

"Look at what we have here, boys," Trevor grinned. I rolled my eyes a little too hard, fighting the urge to get up and walk home. "Billy-boy wants a taste of the town whore."

Billy was trying to keep his cool, it was obvious. "Didn't we finish this conversation earlier?" He asked, his lip twitched slightly as he pushed himself up, stepping as close as he could to Trevor until their noses were nearly touching.

"What are you going to do, pretty boy? Punch me?" Trevor was laughing, all the while taking cautious and slow steps backward.

With that, a lot of things happened all at once. Billy's left hand came up, grasping tightly onto Trevor's shirt, nearly lifting him off the ground, while his right arm cocked, his fist looked heavy and dangerous. Trevor shoved Billy back, unsuccessfully, and Billy's hand came down forcefully on his nose, then again on his cheekbone. Billy didn't let up. I stood and tried to wrestle him back.

"Hey, wow, woah. Step off, cool down." And with those words, Trevor shove me. Seering pain radiated from my skull, I realized Trevor had shoved me down to the ground, and my head smacked the table. There was absolutely no stopping Billy now. I caught a glimpse of him dragging Trevor by his collar out to the parking lot. The workers at the pizza parlor stood in shock as the fight ensued outdoors. I pushed myself off the ground and followed them out, shouting nonsense the whole time.

"HEY, STOP, WHAT THE FUCK, BILLY, STOP." Trevor was on the ground, bleeding profusely from this nose. Billy had a few scrapes on his face but nothing serious. Trevor's friends were trying to pull Billy off, and subsequently, all got somehow hit in the process, whether by an elbow or a hand, I had no idea.

I wrapped my arms tightly around Billy's torso, attempting to drag him off of Trevor, who was trying to flee as fast as he could. Billy staggered slightly and wiped the blood off of his mouth, a large gash on his chin was bleeding, other than that and his bloodied hands, he looked fine.

"We should go," Was all he said before putting an arm around me and pulling me to his car. He started it up, and we began driving. Where? I had no idea.

I sat shocked in his passenger seat.

"Are you okay?" He asked after a long pause of just silence.

"Head kinda hurts," I responded, just a little miffed.

"Do you need to go to the hospital?"

I shook my head laughing. "No, I'm fine."

Another long pause.

"Are you mad at me?" He asked again. His eyes were spheres of blue that just begged for forgiveness.

"Well, Billy, that was a little much, don't you think?" I asked. He sighed heavily.

"Yeah, it was a bit much." He muttered back. I could tell he didn't like admitting when he was wrong. That would end up being a problem.

We drove in silence again, I realized somehow during the fight I had hurt my arm. It was throbbing terribly, and I looked down to see blood running down my wrist.

"Fuck," I stated, prompting Billy to look over and stare at my arm. "Shit," I exclaimed again.

Billy pulled over on a dirt path that lead to a lake scene and parked.

"Let me see." He said. His hands were tender as they cradled my arm. He set it down gently, examining his shirt before tearing a strip off. He unbuckled his seat, turned to me and scooted closer, his thigh was touching mine now, and I felt myself shiver. "Did I hurt you?" He asked immediately after.

"N-No." I stuttered, my face felt hot, and I was suddenly uncomfortable being this close to him, not because I didn't want to be, but because I felt a rush of wants flowing through my chest.

Billy smirked, suddenly reading the situation differently. The fabric of my sweater was sticking grossly to the gash in my arm.

"There's absolutely no way for me to do this without asking you to take the sweater off."

I scoffed, nearly choking on my own spit. "Absolutely no way?" I started laughing.

He nodded. "I'm serious. It's just sticking to everything and unless I rip it-"

"No. You're not ripping this sweater."

"I mean it's already blood-stained-"

"I said no. This is my mom's sweater; she would murder me." I shook my head and immediately ripped my arm away which caused white hot pain to travel up my spine. I bit my lip hard enough almost to draw blood and winced.

I reached for the button of my blouse, before ultimately deciding this was happening I turned to him. "Do you at least have another shirt I can wear?"

He laughed. "I'll give you mine." He said, slipping his flannel off and setting it between us.

I continued unbuttoning my sweater, feeling the heat rising in my cheeks. I slid it off my good side first, then turned to the side with the gash.

"Billy, I need you to just rip this off my arm, if I do it we'll be here for hours." with that, he gently slid it off the gash. His eyes were glued to my chin; I could tell he was fighting the urge to look down.

"Oh, Jesus Christ," I muttered.

"What?"

I stalled putting a shirt back on, secretly loving the way his eyes kept twitching downward.

"What?" He asked innocently.

I shook my head. "If you want to look you can look. I mean, the whole school already thinks I'm a whore, I might as well live up to it?"

He started chuckling.

"Do you do this for all of your first dates?" He asked with a smirk.

"Only for the guys I'm really into," I responded boldly, blushing and mentally kicking myself.

He was leaning in now and when he spoke his voice was raspy. "Don't be embarrassed; I tend to bring out the slut in most girls."

He was far too full of himself. I was fighting an urge, either to start laughing uncontrollably or shove my tongue down his throat; I didn't know which. His hand, still covered in blood, reached up and traced the edge of my bottom lip. I felt myself shudder.

"I-I don't want you to think-" I cut myself off as his hand trailed down my chin, I couldn't regain my composure. "I don't want you to think I'm actually like this." I finally choked out.

He was grinning now; his eyes bore holes into my bare skin. "Like what, Jane?" He asked, simply, egging me on. He was leaning in. Further, his teeth were raking his bottom lip as he gently pressed his palm against my throat, it was enough to have me whimpering.

I didn't know how to respond, his other hand, also still covered in blood, began tracing up my still bleeding arm. "Like-" I couldn't spit it out. I decided to start over. "I don't want you to think I'm actually a whore."

"You aren't?" He pressed his forehead to my cheek, his hand tightening and loosening against my throat periodically. I shook my head, not able to form words, and definitely not wanting this to end. "I'll have to work on that then." With that, his hand dropped and grabbed the fabric that had fallen between them. I sat in silence; I could feel my nipples prodding holes into my bra, he wrapped the fabric tightly around my still bleeding arm.

I was breathing heavily, wishing he would make another move, but knowing this might be all I would get tonight. I was already laying out my plans for masturbating as soon as I got home, I could feel the aching between my legs.

"You alright?" He asked, a smile still plastered on his face.

"You know what you just did," I responded, huffing slightly as I pulled his shirt to me.

"What have I done, Jane?" He asked, his eyes feigning confusion.

"You're trying to turn me into a whore, Billy Hargrove!" I shouted as he laughed.

He leaned in once more, grabbing my chin and turning my head

down, so my neck was exposed. He licked a broad strip up to my earlobe and bit down gently, tugging it away from my head. I let out a slow huff followed by a whimper of pleasure. "It didn't take much." He whispered, grabbing my hand and placing it on the bulge in his pants, letting me know I wasn't alone in my feelings. I shoved my arms through the flannel, smelling the musk of his cologne and feeling myself ache harder.

"Did I hurt your feelings, Hagan?" He said with a fake frown.

"No, I just know if I continue this conversation half naked this may escalate a lot quicker," I responded, trying to stay sane and rational.

His leg was still touching mine. "It sounds to me as though you just want me to watch you take another shirt off."

I breathed out heavily and laughed. "That, or I was embarrassed at my obvious show of enjoyment."

He smiled and glanced down at the bulge still pressing against his already very tight jeans.

"Trust me, your show of enjoyment was a lot nicer to look at."

I purposely raised my arm to lean it against the back of the seat, exposing myself to him again through the unbuttoned flannel.

"See, now you're just being mean." He whispered, his grin turning into a look of pure want. "Jane, would you mind if I touched you?"

I let out a shaky breath. Suddenly I felt all of my wits come back to me and it was an uneasy feeling of confusion. I shoved myself back, covering up slightly.

"Listen, Billy; I'm really into you. I really am. But this whole night has been somewhat of a disaster, and with the Trevor stuff still fresh, I think I'd like to try and take it as slow as we can," I stated quietly, I felt like such an asshole. I looked back into his eyes seeing a twinge of hurt, I leaned in and pressed my lips against his, his chin was still bleeding, and he tasted like iron. I pressed myself against him hard before pulling away slightly. "You have made a mess of me tonight, and I'll definitely be thinking of you when I take care of it." I eluded,

he smiled and leaned into me again.

"Is it okay if I try to convince you, baby?" He was nuzzling my neck; it sent shivers down my spine. I didn't protest, instead, I pressed myself against him.

"You can try," I whispered, purely because I wanted to feel his hands on me some more.

He leaned into me, kissing me again with passion this time. His tongue grazed over my bottom lip, begging for entrance, which I quickly allowed. Our tongues fought for a moment, before he ultimately won the upper hand, massaging mine with his. He pulled away kissing down the side of my jaw. I was leaning back against the window; there was enough room for me to almost lay flat on my back comfortably, he hovered above me, planting kisses on the side of my neck. He whispered, "Is this okay?" As his hand traced up my jean covered leg to my bare belly, he traced his fingers along the edge of my pants until he got to the button of them, looking me in the eyes as he undid them. I nodded.

"Don't feel obligated to do anything, Jane," Billy whispered in my ear. "This is all for you tonight." He added before unzipping my pants and sliding them down slightly. I pushed him back a little, shoving my jeans all the way to the floor of his car. He grinned. I hadn't said a word yet, but he kept the conversation going with himself. "I thought you said you weren't a whore?" I shivered and laid back down, meeting his eyes, and they turned serious.

"I've-" I started, feeling myself blush for the millionth time this evening.

Billy pushed himself up. "Have you never done this before?"

I looked away, feeling the redness on my cheeks.

"I really haven't," I stated, not meeting his eyes.

He leaned back down to me, running his hands up my sides. "I can't wait to show you, then." He whispered before kissing his way to my covered breasts. I shook with anticipation, allowing him to pull one

out and lick lightly around the areola. I let out a small whine, to let him know I enjoyed it, even if I was shaking like a leaf. His mouth stopped, he began kissing lightly down my body, letting his tongue run in circles as he looked up to meet my eyes, gauging whether I was enjoying myself.

"Now, Jane," His gruff voice was filled with humor. "I want you to pay attention to this next part." I looked down at him with a confused and stupid look on my face.

Before I could connect the dots of what was about to happen, he leaned down to my panty covered pussy and placed his mouth on it, licking slowly until my panties were saturated. I heard myself nearly yelp with pleasure. He grabbed my legs, gripping them from the inner thighs, and spread them as far as they would, biting lightly at them to tease me.

He stopped, pulling my legs together and hooking his fingers into the sides of my panties. Before he could pull them down, he looked at me for approval. I nodded vigorously.

"Yes, please, Billy, please." I could hear myself begging and almost cringed before he tugged them down past my ankles and spread me open once more.

I watched as he bit his lip, I was desperate for a reaction. Was it normal? He groaned as he laid his eyes on me, he leaned down once more until his mouth was almost touching it. He looked up at me.

"I've never seen anything more mouthwatering than you, wet and squirming beneath my lips." He muttered, smiling at me because I undoubtedly looked as though the wind had gotten knocked out of me. His lips hovered over my clit for what felt like centuries, his breath teasing me gently. I couldn't help but moan as he laughed, the tiny bit of air sent a whole new rush of wetness. He leaned in just as he saw it forming at my entrance and I nearly screamed with pleasure. His mouth enclosed my clit, sucking ever so slightly and flicking his tongue against it as though his life depended on it.

I reached up, shoving my knuckles into my mouth to prevent myself from yelling again. Billy caught a glimpse of this, and his hand

followed mine, dragging it back down to my side. He pulled his mouth away, bringing his other hand to his lips and sucking on two of his fingers gently, I knew what was coming next, and my body ached for it, I whimpered trying to keep my noises down as he ran his fingers up and down, teasing my entrance. He slid them in gently.

"No one can hear you out here, baby, scream my name." His voice was rough and demanding, his mouth went back to work on my clit, and the feeling of sensory overload washed over me. I heard myself yelling.

"Yes, yes, fuck," I couldn't stop "Billy, fuck, I'm-" I cut myself off as I tumbled over the edge of my first orgasm, reaching above my head to grip onto the fabric of the seat while I road it out. He continued softly, allowing me to come down. He glanced up at me, his tongue mindlessly running circles around my clit. He pulled it back into his mouth to smile, his fingers still working me back up. Before I had time to react to my first ever orgasm with another person, his mouth was sucking my tender clit back into his mouth, keeping his licks long and soft before switching up his pace and bending his fingers inside of me. I groaned as my eyes rolled back in my head. I looked down to see his hips making short circular motions against the seat of his car.

Seeing him humping his own car pulled another guttural orgasm out of me and I collapsed against the seat. My breath came out in huffs, he was gently pulling his fingers out of me and planted one last sloppy kiss on my pussy.

"How was that?" He asked I laid there in a stupor, still riding the waves of a whole new level of comfort.

"I've never felt anything that amazing in my entire life." I managed.

His boner was pressing hard against his jeans.

"I feel terrible about that though," I said pointedly.

He reached down, adjusting himself and tugging slightly at his cock.

"Don't worry about it," He said with a smile. "Next time." He added matter of factly.

"We need to pick up Max!" I said loudly, pushing myself up with my still bleeding arm and winced. "I totally forgot!"

"Calm down, honey," His voice was smooth like butter. "It's only been an hour. But you should button up and maybe put your panties back on."

I rolled my eyes, grabbing my panties and jeans off the floor as he started the car. I buttoned my shirt up and kept my bloody sweater on my lap as we drove back to the arcade. I felt a wave of euphoria; my skin was glowing as I glanced in the mirror to make sure my hair wasn't a wreck. I stepped out of the car when Max came out of the arcade, allowing her to slip into the backseat.

"What happened to you? Pick another fight?" Max egged her stepbrother on.

"Shut the fuck up, kid." He growled back. Seeing him so angry tugged at my heart, I didn't want his little sister to get yelled at. Stepsister, I reminded myself.

I guided Billy to my house, and eventually we parked in front. Thankfully, my mother wasn't home, and all of the lights were off. Billy grabbed my sweater off my lap.

"I'll bring this to school tomorrow." He stated before leaning in and kissing me softly. Max was in the backseat making loud gagging noises. I pushed myself out of the car and felt his eyes watch me as I walked to my front door.

2. Chapter 2

Billy's hands were running up my thighs, holding me down gently, spreading me open with his lips. I shivered with anticipation as his eyes met mine, his tongue trailed its way back up my stomach. My fists were in balls on the sheets, holding on for dear life as he finally reached my mouth, he pressed gently against my entrance-

My alarm clock pulled me from my wet dream violently. My mother's shrill voice rang from the kitchen as soon as she heard it go off.

"I'm home!" My mother was just arriving as I was leaving for school, she worked midnights at the local hospital as a nurse and there was no end of it in sight.

I rolled out of bed rubbing a weary hand over my eyes and deciding I was going to be adventurous today. I ran a brush through my hair, the curls flowed past my shoulders, dark brown and slightly messy. I ruffled it slightly before spraying it with Farrah Faucett's hairspray. I fussed with it until it was the perfect amount of messy before turning to my closet. I grabbed a plaid skirt that accentuated my hips but was still appropriate enough for school, a white sleeveless blouse with black buttons that dipped slightly at my cleavage, and a pair of black Keds. I looked in the mirror, putting the finishing touch on; mascara and pink gloss that made my lips look plumper than usual.

"Sleep tight, mom. I'm leaving!" I left, making sure to lock the front door. After Barb's disappearance, I made sure to lock it every time I left. A year ago, I would have figured anyone locking their doors were crazy. But the world I lived in was changing.

I slipped my headphones over my ears and plugged it into my cassette. I'd begged my mom for one of the brand new CD players they had out, but we just didn't have the extra cash. Hungry Like A Wolf blared as I started my trek. The high school was about 7 blocks away but it was enough time for me to drift into my own little world, and of course, my mind went immediately to the dream I was in the middle of enjoying.

I turned the last corner right before a blue Camaro sped past me then

immediately halted then screeched in reverse, I pulled my headphones off in time to meet Billy's eyes as he scanned my body, I immediately got goosebumps and froze.

"What's a pretty thing like you doing walking to school?" Billy's smirk had me nearly sweating. I ignored the question.

"You realize you almost just caused an accident, right?" I asked. Before we could say another word to each other blaring honks from the cars behind Billy's interrupted us.

Billy, ever the hothead, threw his head out of his window and screamed. "FUCK YOU!" To the cars behind him.

I laughed far too loudly, fearing I'd find charm in anything he did. He turned around huffing.

"What were we talking about?" He said nonchalantly.

"Stop blocking traffic. I'll see you in class later?" I lamely threw up a finger at him. He mirrored my action with a laugh before speeding away.

I shuffled into the building turning to the intersection of my locker, not shockingly, Billy was already waiting there, elbow propped against my locker, a grin forming on his face as he met my eyes. He bit his lip as he slowly took in the sight of my outfit. I fought the urge to smile back at him.

"You look nice." He stated, his eyes pausing on the tops of my shoulders. He leaned in slightly. "Good enough to eat."

I nearly jumped out of my skin hearing those words slip out of his mouth. I glared at him halfheartedly as I shooed his arm away from my locker, I shoved my bag inside after removing most of my books.

"Thanks, you look pretty good yourself," My response came out shaky.I bit my lip before deciding today was the day I was going to be bold. "I had a dream about you."

His eyes lit up like a Christmas tree. "Funny you should mention dreams, I had one about you too."

I closed the door of my locker turning to face him, barely 2 inches between us. "Maybe we should meet up after school and trade stories."

I heard a low groan, barely a noise, slip out of his mouth and smiled to myself. "I'll meet you by your car, Billy. See you in Math?" I called as I turned away from him, making sure to shimmy my hips a little more than usual.

The gang was huddled around Nancy's locker, the usual spot. I saw Leslie glare in my direction, her arms crossed tightly. Nancy had a look of concern on her face.

"I heard what happened."

My arms went numb and I immediately wanted to pass out. How could they have heard that Billy ate me out in his car? Jesus, it's last year all over again.

"About?" I played dumb.

"Uhhhhhh, Billy beating the absolute shit out of Trevor for calling you a whore in public?" Trish chimed in.

Relief flooded me. "Oh." I nodded, unsure of how to respond. "Well, yeah, Trevor shoved him and then things kind of got out of hand."

"Really? Everyone is saying Billy completely went batshit and just... wouldn't stop. And Trevor looks like he got the shit beat out of him today."

I shook my head slightly, playing it off as rumors and holding back the truth of the night. "Nah, I think Trevor's just got the skin of a peach. Bruises easily." My response got a small chuckle from Nancy.

"Well, Trevor got what was coming to him," Nancy finally chirped. "Anyway, thanks for ditching us last night for pretty boy!" Nancy feigned annoyance.

I laughed along with the Trish and Penny, Leslie still sulking on the sidelines.

"When's the next date?" Penny asked curiously, shoving her way to stand next to me.

"After school today I think," I responded, trying not to smile too hard.

"I thought we had plans. So, now you're just ditching us every day of the week?" Leslie asked, her voice filled with malice.

"Leave her alone, Les, you remember how I was when Steve and I first got together," Nancy said.

"Yeah, Leslie. Don't be so annoyed that you didn't get to him first. There's plenty of fish in the sea!" Trish was smiling today, Peter must have finally given her a call.

We chatted more about our nights before splitting up to our homerooms. The morning was dragging by, all I could think about was sitting next to Billy in my final classes for the days.

The first part of my day was a daze filled with daydreams and background noise. Finally, the bell for lunch rang.

I gathered my books and headed toward the door before realizing Billy was leaning against it waiting for me.

"Did you skip class?" I asked when he was in earshot.

He chuckled. "Nothing exciting happens at a desk." He retorted, his hand slipped down to my wrist.

"Follow me."

It was a command, not a question, he was gently dragging me in the opposite direction of the cafeteria. I knew a supply closet was down this way, but he lead us directly past it. We zig zagged down some side hallways filled with lockers before reaching our destination. The door stated boldly "Janitors Closet. KEEP OUT."

Billy jiggled the handle slightly before pulling it open forcefully. He turned and winked at me, pulling me in and flicking the light on before locking the door behind us.

"Did you wear this on purpose?" He muttered, lifting the hem of my plaid skirt and toying with it. I fought the urge to whimper. "You liked last night so much you wanted me to have some easier access, is that it?"

He was backing me into the only wall that wasn't filled with cleaning supplies. My back hit the cold concrete and I bit my lip, nodding once. His hand that was absentmindedly tugging my skirt upwards finally touched the skin of my bare thigh, I let out a huff and leaned my head back. It felt like his fingertips were electrified, leaving a buzzing feeling that followed them wherever they touched me. He was leaning in now, he smelled of cigarettes and cologne with a little bit of mint, the combination sent waves of wetness to my panties.

He leaned into my jaw, nipping it slightly. "I couldn't wait to hear about that dream of yours, why don't you tell me a little bit about it?"

My breath hitched, I didn't think of what I'd say when I got this far, I only wanted to make him squirm. But here I am, legs spreading, breath coming out in puffs, and his hand tracing closer and closer to my sweet spot.

"I-I don't remember much. Just your-" I shuddered, cutting myself off, I couldn't bring myself to say it to him.

"My what?" His forehead was pressing into mine, he grabbed my chin and pulled away. "My cock?" He was smiling now, his eyes were dancing as I bit my lip and nodded. "What was I doing?"

I held my breath as his fingers traced closer to my panty line. "You were touching me," My voice came out in a whisper, I closed my eyes as his fingers traced to the front of my panties, I was pressing my hips into him.

"Oh? Like this?" His hand slipped beneath my panties, tracing down to my entrance and dragging my wetness to my clit. I let out a groan that transformed into a whimper and nodded.

He pulled his hand away, bringing his finger to his mouth and sucking it dry. He leaned in, putting his mouth on my neck, "I

thought about the way you tasted last night."

His voice was gruff, almost angry, I moved my arms to his waist, pulling him against me and feeling the bulge in his jeans.

"Am I the only one participating in story time?" I queried, still slightly out of breath.

He smiled, pressing harder against me. Suddenly, his hands were gripping under my butt, lifting me up so that my legs were wrapped around him and my skirt was hitched all the way up. He leaned into my ear and started nibbling on my neck.

"My dream consisted of you, pressed up against the hood of my car in the middle of nowhere," He started, his voice was doing things to me that I had never experienced. "You were begging me to go harder, faster, give you more." He bit down on my neck, his hands slowly pulling my blouse out from my skirt, making their way to my breasts. "Jane, your moans were the only thing I could think of last night," I responded with the same noise he spoke of, closing my eyes and leaning my forehead against his shoulder.

"Oh, my god," I whimpered, pressing my pussy harder against the bulge in his pants, urging him to continue. He smirked.

"My dream ended with your pussy dripping on my car, and me not bothering to wash it off." He ended it. Before I knew it, his hands were off my breasts and traveling to my panties again. I heard a tear and felt him rip my panties off of my body completely. I gasped, feigning concern before his eyes met mine with intensity and possessiveness. He reached down, toying with my clit once more, still wet from his previous antics. "I want you." He stated. "I want you walking around this school with nothing on under this skirt, and I want us to be the only people that know about it."

I nodded as his hand traveled up to my jaw, grabbing it almost roughly before gently tracing down the side of my neck with his palm as he swiftly slid a finger into my waiting entrance. I was nearly to a quick climax when the bell signifying the end of lunch made us both jump. His hands were off me in a second.

He picked up my panties, shoving them in his pocket before reaching into his pants to adjust himself. His jeans were tight and I could make out the outline of his cock without even trying, I bit my lip, craving it. He leaned in, his mouth enclosing on mine as I invited his tongue in.

"See you in Math." He mocked my earlier sentiment before leaving the janitors closet swiftly. I followed his actions taking an opposite turn to the ladies bathroom. I stared at myself in the mirror, realizing I didn't look half bad after wiping the smeared gloss off my chin.